

DOCTOR WHO

THE FOUR DOCTORS: REVERSE ENGINEERING

A FOUR-PART STORY BY PETER ANGHELIDES

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE FIFTH DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON

THE SIXTH DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER

THE SEVENTH DOCTOR: SYLVESTER MCCOY

THE EIGHTH DOCTOR: PAUL MCGANN

PROFESSOR KALINDA/LADY COWEN:

F, 30s, biomechanoid scientist./Victorian Duchess.

COLONEL ULRIK/WHITMORE:

M, 30s-40s, biomechanoid troop commander./Victorian doorman.

MICHAEL FARADAY/MAGRAN:

M, 65, chemist and physicist./Kalinda's biomech assistant.

THE DALEKS/JARIDEN DEVICE/ROBOMAN: NICHOLAS BRIGGS

DIRECTOR: NICHOLAS BRIGGS

PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON

SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

BIG FINISH PRODUCTIONS LTD © 2010

PART ONE

1. PROFESSOR KALINDA ULRIK'S LOG

(FX: BLEEP OF LOG RECORDER STARTING)

KALINDA:

Professor Kalinda Ulrik, Facility Director of the Vault of Stellar Curios. Daily Log.

(FX: BLEEP.)

It is the second day of the visit of a fascinating organic creature known to us only as 'the Doctor'. When he arrived, he seemed fully versed in every detail of our top secret temporal experiments and was highly agitated; concerned, he said, for our safety, claiming that he had detected dangerous levels of... 'time leakage'. I have therefore allowed him access to our work, while – in line with security protocols – taking care to shield him from the more... *sensitive* areas. His insights have so far proved fascinating and useful, if a little unorthodox.

2. INT. STELLAR CURIOS LABORATORY

(FX: FADE UP. A HI-TECH PHYSICS LAB TICKING OVER)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Now... Watch!

MAGRAN:

Nothing's happening.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Just be patient. Watch-!

KALINDA:

Magran's right, Doctor. Nothing's [happening -]

(FX: ANOTHER MAGRAN FIZZLES INTO EXISTENCE)

MAGRAN #2:

(REVERB, REPEATED) Nothing's happening.

DOCTOR:

There we are. See?

KALINDA:

But that's -

MAGRAN:

That's me! *Another* me. (BEAT) Is this some kind of trick?

KALINDA:

Well, Doctor?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Yes, in a way, it is, but like all good magic, there's an explanation if you know what to look for.

MAGRAN #2:

(REVERB, REPEATED) That's me! Another me. (BEAT) Is this some kind of trick?

KALINDA:

It's a temporal echo, isn't it?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Exactly, Professor. Powered by chronon leakage!

MAGRAN:

But you didn't do anything!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

No, but I'm about to, in the immediate future. Come here, Magran. If you'd just connect your finger-jack into the bench port like *so...* and if I adjust the light cone generator's inverter, like *so*.

(FX: FIZZ/CLICK/BLEEP)

MAGRAN #2:

(REVERB, REPEATED) *But you didn't do anyth- [ing!]*

(FX: OTHER MAGRAN FIZZLES OUT OF EXISTENCE)

KALINDA:

Now the echo of Magran has vanished!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

... but only once I'd fashioned the time loop that created the other Magran in the first place. Something I could never have done in a null temporal environment! (BEAT) Thus proving there *is* time leakage here. Do you see my point, Professor Ulrik? That's why I came here, as I keep telling you, to warn you of the danger! Something is causing time distortion to spill out into local space. It could prove catastrophic... And I think it's being caused by whatever it is you've got in your Inner Vault. Now, Professor Ulrik... Kalinda, may I call you Kalinda?

KALINDA:

Of course.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

I appreciate your kindness in allowing me into your facility here... to view your experiments. There are many who wouldn't be so welcoming—

KALINDA:

[AMUSED] Your talk of — what was it, the 'hypersurface of the present' and 'simultaneity' was enough to convince me of your qualifications, Doctor. And purely as scientists, we are open to all new contributions, but I'm afraid the Inner Vault remains off-limits.

(FX: AN ALARM SOUNDS.)

MAGRAN:

(NERVY) That's a security protocol alert.

KALINDA:

(ANXIOUS SIGH) More interference.

(FX: INTERCOM BEEP)

ULRIK:

(FILTER) Colonel Ulrik calling the Vault of Stellar Curios.

KALINDA:

(GROANS) Oh no.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Colonel Ulrik? Is he a relation of yours?

ULRIK:

(FILTER) I request permission to come aboard.

KALINDA:

I'm afraid so.

DOCTOR:

What do the *military* want with this place-?

ULRIK:

(FILTER) Come along, little sister. I'm waiting...

KALINDA:

(INTO COMMS) Yes, all right, all right! (TO DOCTOR) Doctor, I must proceed to the Docking Bay. Magran, stay here and help the Doctor in identifying the source of his... "leakage".

FIFTH DOCTOR:

And the Inner Vault?

KALINDA:

(EXITING, CALLING BACK) Remains off-limits!

(FX: DOOR HISSES SHUT)

MAGRAN:

I still don't understand how you did that... *thing* to me, Doctor.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Ah. Well, it all comes down to Hyperbolic Orthogonality.

MAGRAN:

Hyper-what?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Yes, I can see it's going to be a rather long day.

3. INT. DOCKING BAY

(FX: FADE UP. BIG CLUNKY DOOR UNLOCKING. HISS OF AIR)

KALINDA:

Welcome to the Vault of Stellar Curios, Colonel Ulrik.

ULRIK:

(FX: ENTERING – BOOTED FEET) Kalinda. (CHUCKLES) You merely offer me a handshake?

KALINDA:

It is protocol.

ULRIK:

I am your brother! (BEAT) But, since we're 'on duty', as you say, "Professor" ... protocol comes first. Connect.

(FX: A "FIZZ/CLICK" AS THEY HANDSHAKE, AS THOUGH GETTING A SPARK WHEN PLUGGING IN A USB DEVICE)

KALINDA:

Six-four-alpha-nine. Authenticated.

ULRIK:

You're so formal, little sister. Every bit the scientist.

KALINDA:

(SOURLY) And you're a soldier through and through. Grandfather would have been proud.

ULRIK:

Grandfather was... [a coward]. He is long dead and best forgotten. (BEAT, TO BUSINESS) I am here on a security review. I need full access to all areas of this facility.

KALINDA:

I regret, the lab is in lockdown, pending analysis of a suspected chronon leak—

ULRIK:

Full access! (SIGHS) Must I invoke your precious protocol?

KALINDA:

Very well. I shall inform my assistant. (INTO COMMS) (FX: CRACKLE) Magran, be advised. Prepare the lab to receive one visitor. Colonel Ulrik.

MAGRAN:

(FX: DISTORT) (OVER COMMS) Er... Yes, Professor.

ULRIK:

... More than one visitor, in fact. (CALLING OFF) – Squad!

KALINDA:

What?

(FX: FOUR SOLDIERS' BOOTS ARRIVING.)

ULRIK:

I will be assisted in my inspection by men of the Forty-Seventh Division.

KALINDA:

(INTO COMMS) Magran. Ensure the Inner Vault remains sealed. Kalinda out. (FX: OFF CRACKLE)

ULRIK:

(TO SOLDIERS) Squad – assemble!

KALINDA:

If you must proceed with this 'review', I insist you keep your grunts away from my Laboratory!

ULRIK:

This review is vital for Jariden security.

KALINDA:

Why?

ULRIK:

Little sister, would you want to see your research fall into enemy hands?

KALINDA:

What enemy? We're not at war.

ULRIK:

Squad! With me! (FX: BOOTED FEET OFF)

KALINDA:

(CALLING AFTER) What enemy? Brother Ulrik! What enemy?

(CUT TO:)

4. INT. DALEK SHIP

(FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT ATMOS)

DALEK-1:

Now on course for Vault of Stellar Curios!

DALEK-2:

Visual identification confirmed!

(FX: DOOR OPENING OFF)

DALEK-1:

Dalek Prime entering the command deck!

PRIME:

(APPROACHING) (FX: VOICE BOOMIER, LESS MECHANICAL) Prepare forward squad for boarding! Frontal assault begins in fifteen rels!

5. INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. BEAT. DOOR)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(STEPPING OUT) Well, this isn't the Patrachi Collection.

KALINDA:

(RUNNING UP) What the hell was that [noise?] (STOPS SHORT) ...
Another blue box?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Ah, hello. I said, this isn't the Patrachi Collection is it? Well, not unless you've redecorated. If you have, I don't like it. It's so – grey. Grey, grey, grey –

KALINDA:

Are you with [the Doctor-?]

(FX: CLOSING TARDIS DOOR OBSCURES END KALINDA'S LINE)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Come to think of it, you're pretty grey yourself. –
(REALISATION) I know you, don't I? Of course! You're a Jariden! A biomechanoid!

KALINDA:

I am –

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

I've met you lot before, of course. Ever heard of a Professor... what was her name? Kalinda Ulrik-? Senior Science Officer, at the Vault of Stellar Curios?

KALINDA:

I am Kalinda Ulrik.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

You are-? (SHE IS) You are! I'm sorry – faces to names, names to faces, you know how it is. Sorry for dropping in on you like this, I didn't expect to be here. (OMINOUS) But since I am... (REMEMBERING) Aha... yes... I believe I know why. (TO SELF) Yes, I *thought* those co-ordinates were drifting... Chronon leakage... yes...

KALINDA:

First things first. (COMMANDS) Handshake. It is protocol.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Of course. How d'you do? (PRICKED) Oww! I'd forgotten all about those finger-jacks of yours –

KALINDA:

Identify yourself!

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Well I'm the Doctor. One hundred per cent organic.

KALINDA:

Another Doctor?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Ah... yes. You've got another one here, haven't you? Young, blond chap in Edwardian cricket gear? Terribly polite, isn't he?

KALINDA:

Er...

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

This could take a bit of explaining. I'm his... um, superior.

KALINDA:

So "Doctor" is just a... job title?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Um... [NOT WANTING TO LIE] If you like.

KALINDA:

Well, it's a role that has no jurisdiction here!

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Just bear with me a moment... [TO HIMSELF] Now, think, Doctor, think... Ah yes... [TO KALINDA]... if I remember this right, I'm here to deliver a message.

KALINDA:

A message? What message?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Um... Well, if you would be so kind as to pass me that comms unit of yours, and open a channel to your Lab –

KALINDA:

You wish to speak to the... 'junior' Doctor?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Yes. I think that's how it went. Trust me.

KALINDA:

Why should I trust you?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Sleight of hand and a persuasive manner usually does the trick.

KALINDA:

Not on a biomechanoid, it doesn't.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

True. In which case – trust me, because this facility is leaking chronon energy like a cracked dam. You must switch it off before you begin to attract the wrong kind of attention!

KALINDA:

What do you mean, the wrong kind of [attention-?]

(FX: ALARM SOUNDS)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

I think you're about to find out.

KALINDA:

(NOT FAMILIAR WITH SOUND) That's the – proximity alarm, I think..

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Exactly. This security screen, here – (FX: TAPS PANEL)
... does it show local space around this station?

KALINDA:

(REALISATION) Proximity alarm?!? That means –

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Come on, Kalinda! I need your magic digit to work this.

(FX: FIZZ/CLICK. SCREEN BUZZ. KALINDA GASPS.)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Thank you.

KALINDA:

That's not a Jariden vessel.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

It most certainly is not!

6. INT. DALEK SHIP

(FX: DALEK HEARTBEAT ATMOS)

DALEK-1:

Vault of Stellar Curios now in range!

PRIME:

Confirm defence shield is deactivated!

7. INT. CORRIDOR

KALINDA:

A Dalek ship-?!?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Indisputably. (FX: WORKING AT CONTROL PANEL – ELECTRONIC BURP OF REJECTION) Er... ? Why is your defence shield inactive?

KALINDA:

It can't be!

(FX: REPEAT ELECTRONIC BURP OF REJECTION)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

It is, you know.

KALINDA:

I – I must inform Colonel Ulrik...

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

He's already here-?!? Then I may be too late.

KALINDA:

What-?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

No time, Professor. That's a Dalek assault vessel, they're not about to knock and wait. Get your defence shield up now!

(FX: ANOTHER ELECTRONIC REJECTION BURP)

KALINDA:

Defence shield's not responding! It's blocked from the Central Core.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Put me through. (BEAT) Come on, Kalinda! Trust me.

KALINDA:

Very well.

(FX: CRACKLE OF OPENING COMMS)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(INTO COMMS) Central Core, hello? Anyone there? I'm with Professor Kalinda's team in the Admin Wing. [...]

(CROSS-CUT TO:)

8. INT. CENTRAL CORE

(FX: THROB OF REACTORS IN B/G)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(FILTER) [...] There's a Dalek assault ship approaching. You must raise this station's defence shield – [now!!!]

(FX: FIZZ/CLICK. INTERCOM OFF.)

ULRIK:

(TO HIMSELF) Sorry, but I'm rather busy at the moment.

(FX: FIZZ/CLICK. INTERCOM BACK ON.)

DALEK-1:

(FILTER) ... you receiving our transmission?

ULRIK:

(LOUDER) You took your time!

DALEK-1:

(FILTER) Colonel Ulrik?

ULRIK:

At your service.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

9. INT. DALEK SHIP

ULRIK:

(FILTER) I've powered down the station's defence shield, as agreed. The crew are unarmed. No need to come in shooting.

PRIME:

Disregard the collaborator. Terminate communications.

ULRIK:

(FILTER) What-? But-?

PRIME:

Terminate communications.

ULRIK:

(FILTER) You can't just-!

(FX: BLEEP OF ABRUPTLY DISCONNECTED INTERCOM)

PRIME:

Proceed with the attack! Open fire!

DALEK-2:

I obey! Firing!

10.EXT. DALEK SHIP

(FX: DALEK ENERGY BOLTS SHOOTING AT SPACE STATION. CUT TO:)

11.INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: EXPLOSION ROCKS SPACE STATION)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(SHAKEN) Whoa! Are you all right, Professor?

KALINDA:

I – I don't understand. Why are they attacking now, after all these years?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Ah yes... the Jaridens and the Daleks are old enemies, aren't they? But never mind that, Kalinda! Look at the security screen. They've softened us up, now they'll be looking to breach the hull.

KALINDA:

They're coming in?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

They'd have blown us halfway to Bajorika otherwise!

(FX: FIZZ/BLEEP/INTERCOM)

KALINDA:

(INTO COMMS) Colonel Ulrik, come in please! ...

12.INT. CENTRAL CORE

(FX: REACTOR THROB)

KALINDA:

(FILTER) Colonel! Do you hear me?! It's the Daleks! The Daleks are here and they're about to board the station. I need those grunts of yours!

ULRIK:

Don't worry, little sister. It's all under control.

KALINDA:

(FILTER) (RELIEF) Ulrik! Where are you? What are you doing?

ULRIK:

Right now – I'm in the Central Core, locking out the defence shields. (FX: LASER BLAST – FZZ OF CONTROLS UP IN SMOKE)
Permanently.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

13.INT. CORRIDOR

KALINDA:

(INTO COMMS) What-?!?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Give me that. (INTO COMMS) Ulrik, listen to me, you're making a big mistake.

ULRIK:

(FILTER) Who is this-?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor.

ULRIK:

(FILTER) (SCATHING) A scientist.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Among other things. I'm – actually, it's best I don't say any more, but I'm telling you – do not let the Daleks get what they want!

ULRIK:

(FILTER) Really? And what is it the Daleks want, "Doctor"?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Well, the contents of the Inner Vault, obviously.

(BEAT)

KALINDA:

How can you be so sure-?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(TO KALINDA) I know the Daleks of old. (INTO COMMS) Did you hear me, Ulrik?

ULRIK:

(FILTER) I have an agreement with the Daleks. Once they have the contents of the Inner Vault, they'll withdraw from Jariden space.

KALINDA:

Then – you've betrayed us, brother. You've betrayed the whole Jariden race!

ULRIK:

(FILTER) No, little sister. They were massing at our borders. I have negotiated with the Daleks, in order to save countless millions of lives.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

All very noble, but listen to me, Ulrik, I know the Daleks only too well, and I can assure you they've never stuck to an agreement in the entirety of their long and bloody history. They want what's in your Inner Vault and if you don't reactivate your defence shields, they're just going to take it and kill everyone in this station.

(FX: BLEEPING)

KALINDA:

Look at the security screen! The Daleks are breaking into the docking bay!

14.INT. DOCKING BAY

(FX: EXPLOSION, BLOWING DOCKING BAY DOORS APART. RENDING METAL)

DALEK-1:

(ENTERING) We have boarded the station!

DALEK-2:

(ENTERING) Infiltrate this facility! We must locate the Inner Vault!

DALEK-1:

Exterminate all opposition!

DALEKS:

(GLIDING ONWARD) Infiltrate! Exterminate! Infiltrate!
Exterminate! (ETC)

15.INT. CORRIDOR

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(INTO COMMS) Ulrik – listen to me. Forget your deal with the Daleks! Don't let them into the Laboratory Wing! Ulrik? (FX: STATIC ON OTHER END) He's gone. Oh no... and I know where!

KALINDA:

(IN SHOCK) My brother... betrayed us?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

I still need to get a message to the Lab –

(FX: INTERRUPTED BY DALEK GUNFIRE AND EXPLOSION.)

3 X DALEKS:

(IN DISTANCE) Exterminate! Exterminate! (ETC)

KALINDA:

Doctor!

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Yes, they've arrived.

KALINDA:

If the Daleks have come through the Docking Bay, there's no way through to the Lab.

DALEK:

(OFF) Aliens located!

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Yes, yes, so where's safe?

KALINDA:

The Central Core. Assuming my brother has gone –

DALEK-2:

(OFF) Exterminate them!

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Then come on! (FX: THEY RUN)

(FX: DALEK BLASTS)

16.INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

DALEK-3:

Laboratory wing located!

PRIME:

Prepare to eliminate the Jariden. There can be no survivors!

(FX: 5 x SETS OF BOOTED FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP)

ULRIK:

(TO HALT) Dalek Prime! Wait!

PRIME:

Colonel Ulrik. You will order your soldiers to disarm. You will give us access to the Laboratory. You will open the Inner Vault!

ULRIK:

Not so fast. Why all this firepower? I practically opened the front door for you.

PRIME:

Daleks do not discuss tactics!

ULRIK:

Then open the Inner Vault yourselves! Ah, but you'd need a magic finger for that – and you don't have one, do you? (BEAT) There – stalemate. But we don't have to do this at gunpoint. We're allies. I negotiated in good faith. So... You men, power down your arms.

(FX: 4 x GUNS POWER DOWN)

ULRIK:

That's better. Now, we can talk. Dalek Prime, we had a deal – Jaridens were not to be killed. You take the Device and you leave.

PRIME:

Our agreement has no validity.

ULRIK:

But I'm giving you what you want!

PRIME:

Jariden biomechanoids are an inferior species.

ULRIK:

(FURIOUS) We had an agreement!

DALEK-3:
Exterminate!!!

(FX: DALEK BLASTS. 4 x SOLDIERS DIE SCREAMING)

17.INT. CENTRAL CORE

(FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN. REACTOR THROB)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(RUSHING IN, OUT OF BREATH) Here we are. The Central Core.

KALINDA:

He must have gone. My brother, I mean.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(FX: DOOR SLIDES SHUT BEHIND) Yes. On his way to the Lab. First things first – (FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER) Let's seal ourselves off, shall we?

KALINDA:

That door will never hold a Dalek!

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(FX: SONIC OFF) Not for long, no. But I don't need long. Communicator, please, Professor?

KALINDA:

(PASSING IT) It won't do you any good in here. Reactor interference.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

But I have to get that message to the Lab!

KALINDA:

It's alright, there's a comms unit wired into the systems panel. Direct line, no wireless –

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Er... That'll be the systems panel trashed by Ulrik.

KALINDA:

Oh. So what do we do now?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(THINKING) What I do now is... is...

KALINDA:

Well?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

... wire your personal communicator directly into the system!
(FX: SONIC SCREWDRIVER)

KALINDA:

Will that work?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(WORKING) Absolutely, definitely, one hundred per cent... er, possibly.

KALINDA:

(IN SHOCK) I've never seen a real Dalek close up. I'm a scientist, not a soldier.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(WORKING) I used to think the same thing about myself.

KALINDA:

Not like my brother. Always going on about the Battle of Bajorika. How our Grandfather betrayed the Jariden.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(STOPPING, REMEMBERING) The Battle of Bajorika? Yes, I remember it well.

KALINDA:

What? You were there?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

In a former life... (WORKING) Right. I think these are the broken connections...!

(FX: SONIC CONTINUES)

18.INT. LABORATORY

(FX: FROM BEHIND DOOR, FIZZ/BUZZ OF MAGIC FINGER)

MAGRAN:

The door. Oh, no –

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

ULRIK:

(RUSHING IN) Nobody move! My name is Ulrik – Colonel Ulrik. Listen to me! If you want to live, you will all do exactly as I say!

DALEK-3:

(FX: FROM CORRIDOR, OFF) Seek! Locate! Exterminate!

MAGRAN:

The Daleks! They're here!

ULRIK:

Then seal the doors – Magran, is it?

MAGRAN:

Yes. Yes...

(FX: FIZZ/BUZZ. DOOR SLAMS DOWN, CUTTING OFF DALEK)

ULRIK:

That won't hold them for long. Weapons. We need weapons.

MAGRAN:

But – we have no weapons. We're just research assistants.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(CLEARS THROAT, OFF – 'DON'T FORGET ME')

MAGRAN:

... Oh, and the Doctor.

ULRIK:

The Doctor...?

19.INT. CENTRAL CORE

(FX: FADE UP — A FEW MOMENTS HAVE PASSED. REACTOR THROB. STATIC HISS AND COMMS BURBLE)

KALINDA:

Is that the best you can do? Can't you get a clearer image?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Sound is pretty much non-existent, too. Stick your magic digit in there, if you would, Professor?

(FX: FIZZ/BLEEP)

KALINDA:

Better?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

That's boosted the output, at least. (LOUDER) Laboratory Wing? Are you receiving my transmission?

(FX: ALL THE FIFTH DOCTOR'S FILTERED REPLIES IN ITALICS ARE TOO DISTORTED TO BE CLEARLY INTELLIGIBLE)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

We hear you perfectly. Who's that speaking?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Try to remember, now. (LOUDER) I'm... um... (COUGHS) I'm a Time Lord agent working on behalf of the High Council...

KALINDA:

You are-?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Ssh!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

If I had more time we could debate the ethics of your meddling.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

No time to chat. Tell me your brilliant plan.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Well, right now I'm hoping to use a light-cone generator to create [a highly-localised] —

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

... a highly localised instability in space-time, yadda yadda.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

How did you know that?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

The thing is, it's incredibly dangerous. With the chronon leakage emanating from the Inner Vault, all you're going to do is whip up a temporal whirlwind. It'll tear this whole station apart!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(CROSS) Well, have you got a better idea?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

You need to contain the instability.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

How?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Oh, I can't do this. (INTO COMMS) One second – Professor Kalinda wants a word.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

She does-?

KALINDA:

I do?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Say "Time loop".

KALINDA:

"Time loop"? What, like the one the other Doctor made earlier?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Time loop?!? I'd have to loop the entire Laboratory Wing. How am I going to power that, hmm?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(SOTTO, TO KALINDA) Use your TARDIS.

KALINDA:

Use your TARDIS?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

No good, I could only generate the front end. I'd need another TARDIS to complete the loop. –

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

What's he saying?

KALINDA:

He says he'd need another TARDIS.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Tell him, "And...?"

KALINDA:

"And...?"

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Hold on – did your friend say he was a Time Lord? That means...

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

I think the penny's dropped. (SNATCHING BACK COMMS) That's all you're getting!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

What?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(BANGING MIC, FAKING DISTORTION) I'm sorry, old chap, you're breaking up. You'll have to do the rest without me!

KALINDA:

No need for that. The signal's going anyway.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(MUTTERING) Time distortion. Come on, come on – has he worked it out yet?

KALINDA:

(INTO COMMS) What's going on down there?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(RETURNING TO MIC) I've corralled all of the scientists into the TARDIS. But Colonel Ulrik won't leave.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) Come on, Doctor! What's next? Ah, yes!
(LOUDER) Abandon Ulrik!

KALINDA:

(SHOCKED) What-?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(INTO COMMS) Leave him with that destroyed Special Weapons Dalek and the Dalek Prime! I repeat –

(FX: CRACKLE AS CONNECTION FAILS)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

And he's gone... The connection's dropped at their end. Come on, Kalinda. You and I need to get out of here pretty sharpish.

KALINDA:

You said – you said to abandon my brother! To leave him to die!

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

No... I saved him. And now we have to save–

(FX: DOOR EXPLODES OPEN, BEHIND)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

– ourselves. Oh dear.

DALEK-1:

Aliens located!

DALEK-2:

Do not move! Do not move!

KALINDA:

Doctor, what do we do now?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Can you cross your fingers with that magic digit of yours?

KALINDA:

Why?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Because I've run out of other ideas.

DALEK-1:

Exterminate!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

20.INT. LECTURE THEATRE

(FX: FADE UP. ECHOING, RAKED LECTURE THEATRE. RUSTLING PAPERS. OCCASIONAL AUDIENCE COUGH. DISTANT HALL-CLOCK CHIMES QUARTER-HOUR.)

FARADAY:

Thus, electricity and magnetism are not mysterious fluids, but forces related through induction. (BEAT) In my next lecture, I shall reveal the connection between light and magnetism, and how magnetism is a universal property of matter. Thank you.

(FX: AUDIENCE APPLAUD POLITELY. THEY BEGIN TO LEAVE THROUGH:)

LADY COWEN:

(BUSTLING UP) Professor Faraday! I say! Professor Faraday!

FARADAY:

My dear Lady Cowen! Always a pleasure.

LADY COWEN:

A fascinating lecture, Professor Faraday, quite fascinating. I do so enjoy an excuse to come to the Royal Institution of an evening. Will you and your wife join us for supper?

LADY FARADAY:

Thank you, no. Sarah is visiting relatives. And I plan to do a little writing in my study.

LADY COWEN:

What – all alone, up there in your attic?

LADY FARADAY:

(LAUGHS PLEASANTLY) Our accommodation is quite comfortable. And it offers ready access both to this lecture hall, and to my basement laboratory.

LADY COWEN:

Why, it's like living above a shop! Ah, well...

FARADAY:

Allow me to escort you through to the hallway.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

21.INT. HALLWAY

(FX: TICKING HALL-CLOCK. DISTANT STREET SOUND THROUGH OPEN DOOR; HORSES PULL CARRIAGES AWAY BEYOND. SMALLER HUBBUB OF PEOPLE LEAVING – “THANK YOUS” AND “GOOD EVENINGS”.)

WHITMORE:

(GRAVELLY, HACKING COUGH) ... Through here, ladies and gentlemen. Yes, that'll be your carriage, milady.

(FX: JANGLES KEYS)

LADY COWEN:

Good night then, Professor Faraday.

FARADAY:

A safe journey to you, Lady Cowen.

(FX: COWEN IS LAST TO LEAVE. STREET DOOR CLOSSES.)

WHITMORE:

That the last of them, Professor?

FARADAY:

Yes. (SIGHS) Thank you, Mr Whitmore. Oh, how have I wished the lecture finished, the lights extinguished, and myself away merely to obtain a fresh supply of air!

WHITMORE:

I know what you means, Professor – (COUGHING HEAVILY) Sorry, Professor. –

FARADAY:

Why Toby, you are still unwell.

WHITMORE:

(PROTESTING) No, no, I'm all right.

FARADAY:

You require a hot toddy and a night's sound sleep in your familiar bed.

WHITMORE:

I can't just leave you alone here—

FARADAY:

Do not argue, Mr Whitmore! Am I not the Director of this Institution? You may leave this house in my safekeeping. Give me the keys.

WHITMORE:

If you insist, Professor. (FRESH COUGHING)

(FX: KEYS HANDED OVER. STREET NOISES AS FRONT DOOR OPENS.)

FARADAY:

The Institution shall have me as its night porter.

WHITMORE:

(LEAVING) Good night, sir. (COUGHING FADES)

(FX: DOOR CLOSES. FARADAY'S SATISFIED SIGH. BEAT. DISTANT SMASHING OF GLASS INSTRUMENTS.)

FARADAY:

Someone's in the Laboratory! I trust I shall not regret sending you home, Mr Whitmore! (RUSHES OFF)

22.INT. FARADAY'S LABORATORY

(FX: ECHOES OFF HARD SURFACES. NO ELECTRICAL NOISE – EVERYTHING'S OFF.)

ULRIK:

(GROGGY, MUTTERING) In the name of the dead of Bajorika – where am I?

FARADAY:

(ENTERING) May I help you, sir?

ULRIK:

I said, where am I? What is this place?

FARADAY:

My private Laboratory. I repeat, sir, may I help you?

ULRIK:

Laboratory? I was in a Laboratory before. But this – this is another place altogether!

FARADAY:

Perhaps you became lost after the lecture. Allow me to escort you back upstairs and hail a carriage.

ULRIK:

I am Colonel Ulrik.

FARADAY:

And I am Professor Michael Faraday, Director of the Royal Institution – (BREAKS OFF, NOTICING...) There is – an object, attached to your finger. A... hangnail?

ULRIK:

Do you decline the handshake? It is protocol.

FARADAY:

Protocol? I'm afraid, I don't follow –

ULRIK:

Primitive. As is this Laboratory. (FX: GLASSWARE CHINKS, WOODEN ITEMS SCRAPE ON DESK) A capacitor. An induction loop. Some kind of writing implement... This isn't even Level Four technology! (FX: GLASSWARE SMASHES) Aagh! Nothing here will get me back!

FARADAY:

I must ask you to desist, Colonel! My experimental equipment is delicate!

ULRIK:

(FX: CONTINUING TO RANSACK LAB, ROOTING THROUGH) You're a scientist?

FARADAY:

I am a natural philosopher.

ULRIK:

(FX: ROOTING, UNIMPRESSED) Really?

FARADAY:

I investigate discrete and well-defined phenomena in the private and controlled conditions of the [laboratory.-]

ULRIK:

(FX: STOPS ROOTING) Well, your controlled conditions didn't create this, did they?

FARADAY:

Ah. *That*.

ULRIK:

Do you even know what it is?

FARADAY:

Some kind of capacitor? Akin to the battery Sir Humphrey Davey devised in this very basement. Though that comprised two thousand pairs of plates and –

ULRIK:

(INTERRUPTING) Well, let me tell you what it is, Professor Michael Faraday, 'natural philosopher' and 'Director of the Royal Institution'. It's a Special Weapons Dalek. Can your 'natural philosophy' comprehend that? A Special Weapons Dalek... Or the remains of one.

FARADAY:

I do not understand... A... weapon?

ULRIK:

And it's inoperative.

FARADAY:

It was delivered here anonymously last week.

ULRIK:

(LAUGHS) Delivered?

FARADAY:

It... appeared. I have been disassembling it. I'm attempting to deduce the design decisions that made it, but with no

knowledge of the procedures involved in its original production –

ULRICK:

You, a primitive, are attempting to reverse engineer it?

(FX: INTERRUPTED BY TARDIS MATERIALISING IN HALLWAY, OFF)

ULRIK:

Now, that is not the sound of a sub-Level Four technology!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

23.INT. HALLWAY/FARADAY'S LABORATORY

(FX: DOCTOR CLOSES TARDIS DOOR)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

(CALLING OUT) Professor Faraday? I'm back.

(WALKING) A little bit later than I'd hoped, but still...

(FX: DOCTOR'S FEET DOWN WOODEN STEPS)

... I've retrieved that piece of equipment I need to make your 'capacitor' safe. I hope you didn't fiddle with it in my absence.

(FX: ENTERS LABORATORY)

(STOPPING) Ah, there you are. Oh. You have company...

FARADAY:

Doctor, this is Colonel Ulrik.

ULRIK:

(SEEING DOCTOR HAS DIFFERENT FACE) Doctor...?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Yes, we've met before. (BEAT) Professor Faraday, I could do with a glass of water.

FARADAY:

(CROSSING TO SINK) Yes, of course. You've had a long journey—

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

No, upstairs water! Not from the grubby sinks down here.

FARADAY:

Oh... Er... very well. Er... well... I'll just be a moment. (EXITS)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Send it down in the dumb waiter!

ULRIK:

(MENACING) Now then, Doctor...

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Forgive me for not shaking hands. Mine are rather full.

(FX: METAL EQUIPMENT CLONKS ONTO TABLE)

ULRIK:

Where is this place? There is no protocol here.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

This is the house of Professor Michael Faraday, one of the most brilliant minds in the history of the planet Earth.

ULRIK:

Earth? In which epoch?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

The year is 1854. And please try not to reveal to Faraday your knowledge of the future.

ULRIK:

How? By identifying the remains of a Special Weapons Dalek...?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Oh dear.

ULRIK:

... Or by identifying these items of technology that you've just delivered?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

That's different. This building contains an unstable exit to a time-space corridor. I need to seal it before anything else falls through it.

ULRIK:

Like... me?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Exactly. Faraday doesn't need to know.

(FX: FROM HALLWAY UPSTAIRS, A WHIRLWIND SOUND)

ULRIK:

By the sounds of it, you're too late, Doctor!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

It's coming from the hallway. (BEAT) And Faraday's up there!

ULRIK:

(ENJOYING DOCTOR'S DISCOMFORT) Well then... So much for not revealing the future.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Pass me that oil lamp, Ulrik.

ULRIK:

Why? What are you going to do?

24.INT. HALLWAY

(FX: WHIRLWIND SOUND CRESCENDO AND SPLOOP!)

PRIME:

Scan this new environment!

DALEK:

Structure composed of bonded ceramic brickwork, with coverings of carved wood and woven textiles. This is a primitive culture.

PRIME:

We have travelled backwards through time!

DALEK:

Warning! Perceptor readings indicate concealed human.

(FX: TRAY/JUG/GLASSES DROPPED ON CARPET)

FARADAY:

(EMERGING) You're... you're like that device downstairs! Not a capacitor then... What manner of thing are you?

PRIME:

You will identify yourself!

FARADAY:

I am the Director of this Institution, and I am [in charge here.]

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

(ARRIVING) Faraday, get back upstairs!

FARADAY:

Doctor? Colonel? Are these two... 'creatures' something to do with you?

DALEK:

Alert! Humanoid carries incendiary device!

FARADAY:

Doctor, what are you doing? ... You will start a fire!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

That's the idea! (THROWS OIL LAMP)

(FX: OIL LAMP HITS DALEK. WHUMPH!)

PRIME:

My vision is impaired, I cannot see!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) After me, Ulrik! (CLOSE) Come on, Faraday!

FARADAY:

(CLOSE) There's burning oil on the hall carpet!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

(MOVING AWAY) We've got more to worry about than a few scorch marks in your Axminster!

ULRIK:

What's up there?

FARADAY:

My lodging rooms.

ULRIK:

Then get up those stairs!

(FX: FEET POUND UPSTAIRS. ROAR OF FLAME FROM DALEKS ON FIRE.)

PRIME:

Pursue them!

25.INT. ATTIC

(FX: SMALLER TICKING CLOCK. DOOR CREAKS, 3 x FOOTSTEPS HURRY IN. DOOR SLAMMED, LOCKED. PANTING.)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Stay away from the door!

FARADAY:

The stairs are in their way. I would venture that such bulky 'creatures' would not be able to—

PRIME:

(DISTANT) Extinguish these flames! Pursue the humanoids!

(FX: SUSTAINED FIRE EXTINGUISHER NOISES IN THE BACKGROUND. SLOWLY FADE IT OUT OVER FOLLOWING LINES.)

ULRIK:

That won't stop them.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

We need a weapon to use against them. Help me, Ulrik.

(FX: RUMMAGING PAPERS, CUSHIONS)

FARADAY:

Those are just books!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

"The Irish Dragoon", "The Macdermots of Ballycloran" ... I don't think Trollope and Lever will be of much help to us.

ULRIK:

What is *this* item?

FARADAY:

An electromagnet of my own manufacture.

ULRIK:

Does it work-?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

No, don't—!!!

(FX: CLICK-ON! HUMMMMM! METAL OBJECTS WHIP THROUGH AIR AND CLATTER)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Turn it off, Ulrik, before we're all impaled by Mrs Faraday's cutlery...!

ULRIK:

If you insist – (FX: CLICK OFF! OBJECTS CLATTER TO FLOOR) What other technologies do you keep in your sleeping quarters, Faraday?

FARADAY:

Ah. Usually, Mrs Faraday forbids me to bring equipment up to our lodgings. My wife prefers that I should rest my brains, rather than talk science all day long.

ULRIK:

Your wife is here?

FARADAY:

No. Sarah is with her niece Jane and her brother George. At a fireworks display.

(FX: DISTANT DALEK BLAST. SMALL EXPLOSION, FALLING PLASTER.)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

The fireworks have started here already.

ULRIK:

That equipment of yours in the Laboratory, Doctor. You said it could seal the time-space corridor.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Yes.

PRIME:

(IN THE DISTANCE) Elevate!

(FX: BACKGROUND – DALEK ELEVATION MOTORS GRADUALLY GETTING LOUDER.)

ULRIK:

Could it also send me back through the corridor? To the future?

FARADAY:

The future-?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Not without risking more things coming through at the same time. More Daleks!

ULRIK:

I don't care.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

I forbid it! And besides, that equipment is out of your reach. In the Laboratory, two floors down. With Daleks in between.

FARADAY:

We could use the rear stairwell. Look: I've found the key!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

(GROANS) You're not helping, Faraday.

ULRIK:

Oh, he's being very helpful. Open the stairwell door, Faraday.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

You mustn't tamper with that equipment!

(FX: DOOR UNLOCKED/OPENED.)

ULRIK:

Then you can stay right here. Faraday, lead the way. (CLOSE)
And don't worry, Doctor. (DISAPPEARING) I'll try not to..
distress him.

(FX: DOOR SLAMMED/LOCKED.)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Ulrik!

PRIME:

(OUTSIDE) Clear the entry point!

(FX: DALEK BLAST. EXPLOSION! SPLINTERED DOOR FLUNG INTO ROOM.
DALEKS HOVER.)

DOCTOR:

(COUGHING) Come in, why don't you?

PRIME:

You have been identified. You are the Doctor!

DOCTOR:

And you are the Dalek Prime. Fancy meeting me here.

DALEK:

Where is Ulrik?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Ah. You've identified him, too. How clever of you.

PRIME:

Ulrik operated the temporal apparatus in the Vault. He was
cast back through time ahead of us.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Fascinating.

PRIME:

He will return us to the future.

DALEK:

Where is Ulrik?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

He's just popped out. But he left this for you.

(FX: ELECTROMAGNET CLICK/HUMMMM.)

DALEKS/PRIME:

Aaaaaghh! (CONTINUE)

PRIME:

Electro-magnetic interference! Sensory disorientation!

(FX: DUMB WAITER HATCH UP)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

I'd like to stay, but I've an appointment with a dumb waiter!

DALEK:

Aargh- Doctor is-Aargh-escaping! Argh!

(FX: SOUND OF DOCTOR CLAMBERING INTO DUMB WAITER SHAFT.)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Bit of a tight fit, but... ugh!

PRIME:

Aaargh-destroy source of-argh-magnetic interference!
Immediately!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Going down!

(FX: SOUND OF ROPES/PULLEYS.)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

(VANISHING RAPIDLY) Wooaaahhh!

(FX: DALEK BLAST. SMALL BOOM! HUMMMM VANISHES.)

DALEK:

Magnetic device is destroyed.

PRIME:

The Doctor has escaped into the small elevator shaft. Locate him! Locate and exterminate!

26.INT. FARADAY'S LABORATORY

(FX: DOOR CREAK.)

FARADAY:

(ENTERING) This is it.

ULRIK:

Your Institution is a warren.

FARADAY:

Tell me, Colonel. What – what are those 'creatures' or 'devices' upstairs?

ULRIK:

They are travel machines for mutant creatures. (FX: FIZZING DIGIT) Not fully integrated biomechanoids.

FARADAY:

I... My mind is reeling. You are all from... from the future?
(BEAT) If you had described this to me, I would have dismissed it as the fakery of mesmerism or table-turning.

ULRIK:

You can help me turn this table to block the door.

(FX: SCRAPES ACROSS TILES)

FARADAY:

(RAMBLING) My thoughts are unstable. They tend to evaporate unless there is some visible body before my eyes. Some large fact approaching with force to my external senses. Material evidence for the existence of a thought.

ULRIK:

(TABLE SET) The facts are staring you in the face. (CROSSING FLOOR) Now then – this equipment of the Doctor's...

FARADAY:

My safety consists in facts. I would never give reign to flights of imagination or prejudice.

ULRIK:

(REALIZING) But – it has protocol! It will accept my signature! Connect.

(FX: FIZZ/CLICK AS FINGER INSERTED)

FARADAY:

The book of nature is written by the finger of God. And I pursue the empirical method to read such God-made signs as are accessible to me. But when I see your fingers...

ULRIK:

What about my fingers?

FARADAY:

Forgive me, are you some kind of machine?

ULRIK:

I am no kind of machine. (FX: CLATTERING SOUND SLIGHTLY OFF, AS DUMB WAITER ARRIVES) What's that-?

FARADAY:

(CROSSING TO DUMB WAITER) The dumb waiter!

(FX: BANGING ON INSIDE OF DUMB WAITER DOOR)

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

(MUFFLED) Let me out of here!

(FX: DUMB WAITER HATCH UP. DOCTOR SCRAMBLING INTO ROOM, DUSTING HIMSELF OFF)

FARADAY:

Doctor! Are you all right?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

(CLAMBERING OUT) Just a few rope burns. (A BIT MENACING) Now for you, Ulrik –

ULRIK:

Just stay out of my way, Doctor!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

When I said we'd met before, I meant – on two occasions.

ULRIK:

Two-?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

The last of those being... (WITH GREAT SIGNIFICANCE) on the battlefield of Bajorika.

ULRIK:

On the planet Sobra Vivanti?

DALEK-3:

(DISTANT) Humans detected in the basement Laboratory!

PRIME:

(DISTANT) Descend!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

And I remember what I told you there. That the Daleks are my oldest enemy. I could never allow you to help them.

ULRIK:

I'm not helping them. I'm helping myself to escape.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

By allowing more of them to flood into nineteenth-century Earth!

ULRIK:

Collateral damage. Don't try to stop me, or I'll snap your scrawny neck with my bare hands!

PRIME:

(OUTSIDE) Descend!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

The Daleks are nearly here.

ULRIK:

And I'm leaving! Activate-!!!

(FX: DOOR BLASTED OPEN. SPLINTERS FLY. COUGHS/SPLUTTERS.)

PRIME:

Ulrik! You will not escape without me!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Under the bench, Faraday! Now!

ULRIK:

You're too late, Dalek!

PRIME:

Exterminate him!!!

DALEK:

I obey!!!

ULRIK:

Activate-!!!

(FX: CRESCENDO OF NOISE, SCREAMS FROM PRIME/ULRIK/DALEK. FINAL "SPLOOP" SOUND.)

(BEAT)

FARADAY:

(CLOSE, UNDER BENCH) Doctor? Have they gone?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Swept away, backwards along my personal timeline. (GRIM) Just as I intended. To the Battle of Bajorika. Ulrik, and the Dalek Prime.

FARADAY:

... and that strange capacitor.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Capacitor? It was the remains of the Special Weapons Dalek.

FARADAY:

(STRUGGLING TO COMPREHEND) So... you mean... these beings will all wash up on some other shore? Is that – responsible?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Sending future Dalek technology back in time? It might change the outcome of the battle. Then we'd all be in trouble.

FARADAY:

(RISING UP FROM UNDER BENCH) I have worse news.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

What?

FARADAY:

The other "Dalek" was not swept away.

DALEK:

You have destroyed the Dalek Prime! You will be exterminated!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Oh dear.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

27.INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

(FX: FOREGROUND ENERGY HUM. BACKGROUND: DRIPPING WATER, GURGLING PIPES. TORTURE EQUIPMENT: TZZZZT! ULRIK'S HOWL OF PAIN AND DESPAIR ECHOES.)

ULRIK:

Ulrik. Colonel. Forty-Seventh Division. Ident six-four-alpha-zed.

(FX: TZZZZT!)

ULRIK:

Ulrik. Colonel. Forty-Seventh Division!

DALEK-A:

It is not possible. The Jariden have no Forty-Seventh Division.

DALEK-B:

Roboman. Increase taser voltage.

ROBOMAN:

I obey.

(FX: TZZZZT!)

ULRIK:

(HOWLS) I'm telling you the truth!

DALEK-B:

Detector confirms truthful response!

DALEK-A:

You were captured on the battlefield of the Twelfth Division. But you are not like other Jariden.

ULRIK:

I don't know what you mean...

(FX: TZZZZT!)

ULRIK:

Aaarghh!

DALEK-A:

You are a functional upgrade. Your technology is unknown to the Daleks. What is your origin?

(FX: TZZZZT!)

ULRIK:

Ugh... (GOES UNCONSCIOUS)

(FX: ALARM BLEEPS URGENTLY.)

DALEK-B:

Sensors indicate subject has become unconscious.

DALEK-A:

Roboman! Cease interrogation!

(FX: ALARM STOPS)

DALEK-A:

Roboman will take subject to the holding area. Interrogation will continue later.

ROBOMAN:

I obey.

(FX: SHACKLES RELEASED)

28.INT. DUNGEON

(FX: FADE UP. LOUDER GURGLING PIPES. WATER DRIPPING)

ULRIK:

(HUGGING HIMSELF, SHIVERING) Ulrik. Colonel. Forty-Seventh Division. Ident six-four-alpha-zed. They will not break me. Ulrik. Colonel. [Forty-Seventh Division. Ident -]

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(FROM BEHIND WALL OF NEXT CELL THROUGHOUT. HUSHED, FAINT) Ulrik. Colonel. Forty-Seventh Division. Ident six-four-alpha-zed.

ULRIK:

(SHOUTING) Who's there?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

I'm in the next cell. Just - don't shout, the Roboman patrol might hear.

(FX: ULRIK DRAGS HIMSELF ACROSS FLOOR)

ULRIK:

Another prisoner. Do you know where this is?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

As far as I know, the basement of a manor house near Bajorika.

ULRIK:

Wrong, friend. This is Hell's waiting room. (SOTTO) I should know, I'm dead already...

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Just how long have you been here, Colonel?

ULRIK:

I've lost track of the hours, the days. I tried keeping count by piling stones by the door, but they got scattered in the dark.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

You can't see?

ULRIK:

There's no light in here. No window.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

I'm sorry.

ULRIK:

Where is the sense in questioning me, over and over and over again? Why don't they just... convert me? Make me like that creature patrolling outside?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

The Roboman, you mean?

ULRIK:

Poor wretch. Does he even know what's happened to him? Not even his own family would know him now.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(KNOWING) No... I don't suppose they would.

ULRIK:

They need him to drag me to this cell. The staircase down is too narrow for Daleks... unless they blasted their way down. Otherwise, he's of no importance.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

The Daleks want you alive. Are you important, Colonel Ulrik?

ULRIK:

Not any more. (HUGE SIGH, COUGHS, SPLUTTERS.)

(FX: PIPES GURGLE.)

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Stay with me, Colonel! Tell me how you got here.

ULRIK:

Leave me alone. Can't you see I just want to die?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Let me tell you what I can see. (AND THE DOCTOR PAINTS THE IMAGE WITH BEAUTIFUL DELECACY) The major sun of Sobra Vivanti is pulsing large and low in the atmosphere tonight. There's a mackerel sky. Wisps of torn cloud bubbling gold and orange across the horizon. There's a park nearby. Crisp yellow leaves are swirling beside the bandstand like dancing children. The paths are deserted, but their browned-earth forks point away into the darkened evening like fingers directing visitors homeward.

ULRIK:

(CAUGHT UP IN THIS) If I close my eyes, I could almost be there.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

That's more like it! Look with me, now. Can you see beyond the silhouettes of the high buildings in that smoke-wreathed city? To the mountains in the East? How the furrows on their dark

escarpments look like melted chocolate? And westward, the distant sea where tall ships carry low sails?

ULRIK:

(QUIETLY) I see them.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

You will, Colonel. You will.

(PAUSE. PIPES GURGLE. WATER DRIPS.)

ULRIK:

Alright. I'll tell you how I got here.

(FX: FLASHBACK EFFECT AS WE GO TO...)

29. EXT. BATTLEFIELD (FLASHBACK)

(FX: SHOCKINGLY ABRUPT EXPLOSION. SHOWER OF DEBRIS. WEAPONS FIZZ. SHOUTS/CRIES OF JARIDEN AND DALEKS. ULRIK DIALOGUE CLOSE TO MIC.)

ULRIK:

(V/O) I arrived in the middle of a pitched battle. Close-quarters combat. Terrifying.

JARIDEN WARRIORS (VARIOUSLY):

Forward! FORWARD. Flanking movement! Fall back! (MIXED AMONG CRIES AND SCREAMS)

DALEKS (VARIOUSLY):

Seek, locate, exterminate! Advance! Exterminate them! Exterminate! AAAARGH! (ETC.)

(FX: THESE CRIES OF BATTLE BUBBLE UP LOUDER BETWEEN ULRIK'S DIALOGUE.)

ULRIK:

(V/O) I'm no coward. All my promotions were earned in blood. And lately, I'd told myself that directing troops and fighting from a distance didn't make it any easier.

(FX: FIZZING WEAPONRY. DALEK CRIES.)

ULRIK:

(V/O) I was wrong.

(FX: EXPLOSION! HUMAN SCREAMS OF AGONY.)

ULRIK:

(V/O) I'd forgotten what it was like to see an opponent close-up, just before he dies. How you try to forget your enemy are sentient beings. Tell yourself they're just obstacles. Targets. Collateral. It's nothing personal.

(FX: DALEK SHRIEKS.)

ULRIK:

(V/O) I tried to fall back, tried to stay alive and re-arm. Only slowly did I realise that this was the Battle of Bajorika. Our glorious, historic victory over the Daleks.

(FX: CHATTER OF WEAPONRY. DALEK BLASTS.)

ULRIK:

(V/O) I watched the Jariden soldiers fall around me, and it didn't seem that glorious.

(FX: EXPLOSION.)

DALEKS: [VARIOUSLY]

Proceed! Advance!

ULRIK:

(V/O) But why were the Jariden soldiers so stupid and indisciplined? They didn't recognise my uniform. Ignored my rank.

FLASHBACK-ULRIK:

(YELLS) I am Colonel Ulrik. I have information for your commanding officers! Listen to me!!!

JARIDEN SOLDIERS:

(JEERING)

ULRIK:

(V/O) They would not even handshake. They had no regard for... protocol.

FLASHBACK ULRIK:

Connect! Connect with me!

(FX: GUNSHOTS.)

JARIDEN SOLDIERS:

CHAAAARGE!

ULRIK:

(V/O) I knew that charge would be suicide. I wouldn't throw my life away. I took refuge in the manor house. I knew it from my childhood. Huh... ironic. My grandfather's house. The place he fled to rather than face the enemy. But then... I found out the Daleks had commandeered it for their forward base.

DALEK-A:

Halt! Do not move! Do not move!

(FX: FLASHBACK SOUND BACK INTO...)

30.INT. DUNGEON

(FX: FEW SECONDS OF PIPES/DRIPS TO RE-ESTABLISH.)

ULRIK:

... This had been the site of my grandfather's final humiliation. And here I was, back in time, on the very spot. (BEAT) Then the interrogations began. All I can hope for is that the others arrive, to confirm my identity.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(BEHIND WALL THROUGHOUT) What others?

ULRIK:

A Dalek Prime. And the remains of a Special Weapons Dalek. They were in the time corridor with me.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Interesting specimens. This point in Dalek history predates the Dalek Prime. It certainly predates the Special Weapons Dalek. Whichever side finds that technology, well... that could tip the balance of the war in their favour.

ULRIK:

The Daleks don't have them. That much is obvious, from their questions.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Like I say, whichever side finds that technology...

ULRIK:

What are you saying? The Jariden would never –

SIXTH DOCTOR:

All I'm saying is, your ancestors may seem stupid and indisciplined to you...

ULRIK:

(OVERLAPPING) No, stop!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

... but somehow they will get to your technological level. And in only a few generations. Haven't you wondered how they will manage to achieve that?

ULRIK:

(OVERLAPPING) Shut up!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Will they strip down those captured future Daleks? Decompile their operating system to a higher level of abstraction, and incorporate it into their own genetic structure?

ULRIK:

(INTERRUPTS) You must stop! Don't tell me things the Daleks will just drag out of me in interrogation!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

You're quite right. I'm sorry.

(BEAT)

ULRIK:

How — how can you know all this anyway? Who are you?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Ah. I wondered when you'd ask. I'm... the Doctor.

ULRIK:

(GASP) You... another version of you.

(FX: A DISTANT ECHO OF THE EIGHTH DOCTOR'S LINE FROM EPISODE ONE... *EIGHTH DOCTOR: 'All very noble, but listen to me, Ulrik, I know the Daleks only too well, and I can assure you they've never stuck to...' ETC.*)

ULRIK:

And you said... you knew the Daleks...

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Did I indeed? Perhaps I will say that to you, one day. This whole affair is caught up in many of my lifetimes, it would seem.

(FX: ROBOMAN FOOTSTEPS STRIDING UP CORRIDOR OUTSIDE)

ULRIK:

The Roboman's coming. Goodbye, Doctor.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(HURRIEDLY) Ulrik, listen to me! There is a way you can escape this place. Before you're out of time!

(FX: HEAVY DOOR BOLT SHOOTS ACROSS.)

ULRIK:

(OMINOUS) I know.

(FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN. ULRIK SCRABBLES UP, KICKING A METAL BOWL, WHICH SPILLS AND RATTLES IN A CIRCLE ON THE CONCRETE FLOOR.)

ROBOMAN:

Prisoner will stand!

ULRIK:

Take your hands off me, you monstrosity!

ROBOMAN:

Interrogation will continue. Move!

(FX: ULRIK TRUDGES OUT AS DIALOGUE FADES.)

31.INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

(FX: FADE UP DALEK HEARTBEAT. DOOR SLIDES OPEN)

ROBOMAN:

Prisoner will enter Dalek Control.

ULRIK:

What's this? No torture today?

DALEK-A:

Dalek patrols have captured an unidentified creature in the area where you claim to have... materialised.

ULRIK:

Creature? What creature?

PRIME:

(FX: GLIDING FORWARD) I am that creature! I am the Dalek Prime!

DALEK-B:

Be silent! Dalek Prime designation not recognised!

ULRIK:

The Dalek Prime? You brought the Dalek Prime, here? Into your Control Room? (LAUGHS) You fools!

DALEK-A:

It is a travesty of Dalek form. You will account for its existence.

ULRIK:

It's an upgrade of 'Dalek form'. I'm guessing it wanted to be brought here.

PRIME:

(FX: GLIDING FORWARD) Correct.

DALEK-B:

Unknown travesty – move away from the systems console!

PRIME:

Daleks will recognise this master command protocol. Initiating systems override. (FX: PRIME BLEEP/BLOOPS)

DALEK-A:

No! No! Exterminate the unknown travestyyyyy – (GARGLES)

(FX: 3 x OTHER DALEKS FIZZ AND GARGLE!)

PRIME:

I am your superior!

DALEK-B:

Protocol accepted. I... obey.

3 X DALEKS:

(CHANT) We obey the Dalek Prime! We obey!

PRIME:

Silence!

ULRIK:

Can't say I'm pleased to see you, Prime. Where's your smashed-up companion?

PRIME:

The Jariden have the remains of the Special Weapons Dalek. But they do not have the intelligence to decompile it.

ULRIK:

They might surprise you. I've been talking to someone about that. Someone you know very well.

PRIME:

The Doctor?

ULRIK:

Right first time. You two really do go back a long way, don't you?

PRIME:

Where is the Doctor? He must be exterminated!

ULRIK:

Ah, but that's just the point. I don't think you *can* exterminate him. You see... I've worked it out, Prime.

PRIME:

Explain!

ULRIK:

You and me – we're not trapped in our own histories. We're trapped in the Doctor's history. Just tumbling through time along the Doctor's lifeline.

PRIME:

Where is he? Where is the Doctor?

ULRIK:

I'll make a deal. Spare me... and I'll bring him to you.

32.INT. SECOND DUNGEON

(FX: FADE UP. CELL DOOR CREAKS OPEN – NO LOCK.)

ULRIK:

But it must be this cell! It's the one right next to mine!

ROBOMAN:

This room is not occupied. There is no lock.

ULRIK:

And no window! But he described a fantastic view from his window!

ROBOMAN:

You lied. The Daleks will exterminate you.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(SLIGHT FILTER NOW AUDIBLE) He didn't lie. This is the right room!

(FX: SCRAPE ACROSS FLOOR.)

ULRIK:

It's a short-range transmitter!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(FILTER) Ulrik? I take it you're accompanied just by that Roboman?

ULRIK:

Yes.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(FILTER) Then you haven't much time. Use the handshake protocol!

ULRIK:

What?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(FILTER) The adaptive connector in your finger! Insert it into the side of his helmet.

ULRIK:

Where? Oh, I see it!

ROBOMAN:

Stay back. No...

(FX: FIZZ/BZZZZZT!)

ROBOMAN:

Stay back. Stay— (STOPS ABRUPTLY. GAGS.) Protocol accepted. Awaiting orders.

ULRIK:

What did I do?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(FILTER) Your handshake protocol authenticated you to the Roboman's control device. It acknowledges your authority.

ULRIK:

How? Why?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(FILTER) The Jariden of this era are going to reverse-engineer the Dalek technology that they capture. Incorporate it into their future design. You're from the future of the Jariden, and so you already have that ability.

ULRIK:

That can't be true. The Daleks of my era have no such weakness.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(FILTER) Of course not. Once they discovered that vulnerability, the Daleks of your era designed it out. But the Dalek technology of this era? Well, it has no defence yet.

ROBOMAN:

(CLEARER SPEECH) Awaiting orders, Colonel Ulrik.

ULRIK:

After what you've done to me, I should order you to self-destruct.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(FILTER) I have a better idea. Get it to chaperone you to the roof of the building.

ULRIK:

Why?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(FILTER) Because that's where you'll find me. Didn't I mention I had a fantastic view?

33.EXT. MANSION ROOF

(FX: FADE UP. BLUSTERY WIND. RAISED VOICES.)

ULRIK:

(WALKING UP) The elusive Doctor. Taking in the view beside... a big blue crate?

DOCTOR:

My TARDIS. Hello, Ulrik. How's your friend?

ULRIK:

I don't know. How are you?

ROBOMAN:

Awaiting orders.

ULRIK:

He's pleased to see you.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

You've released him from Dalek control.

ULRIK:

Doctor, were you ever in that cell?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Only to plant the transmitter. I thought that was where the Daleks would keep their prisoners. The Daleks are my oldest enemies, so I didn't want to loiter there myself.

ULRIK:

You lied about the view, too.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Hmm. Perhaps I embellished a little.

ULRIK:

Chocolate mountains? Smoky cities?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Yes, all right. Muddy battlefields and smoking ruins. But if I'd described that, it wouldn't have given you much hope in your captivity, would it? Not really a vision of a brighter future.

ULRIK:

My ancestors are down there. Fighting. From here, you can't even differentiate the Jariden from the Daleks. They're all just dots in the distance.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

The Jariden have a brighter future, thanks to you. And your grandfather.

ULRIK:

My grandfather was a coward. He dishonoured our race.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Your grandfather will save your race, Ulrik. If you let him.

ULRIK:

What do you mean?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

He didn't flee the battlefield. He was captured by the Daleks. But you've released him.

ULRIK:

(GASPS) The... the Roboman?

ROBOMAN:

Awaiting orders, Colonel Ulrik.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Your ancestors, Colonel, already have remnants of the Special Weapons Dalek. That could be their head start in the arms race.

ULRIK:

(REVELATORY MOMENT FOR HIM) Since I was a boy... I... I believed my grandfather was a coward. A traitor.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

You misjudged him. Turns out he was quite the opposite. He didn't hide here... He was captured and turned into a Roboman. And now he needs to join your ancestors down there. He's a Jariden fused with Dalek technology. He's their best clue about how to reverse-engineer that enemy technology.

ULRIK:

Grandfather. (NO REACTION) Roboman!

ROBOMAN:

Yes Colonel?

ULRIK:

You have to climb down the side of the mansion. Get back to the Jariden. Quickly! Before he gets here.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Before who gets here?

PRIME:

(HOVERING, APPROACHING FROM OFF) Doctor!!!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Oh, no. The Dalek Prime!

ULRIK:

Go. Go!

ROBOMAN:

I... obey.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS AS ROBOMAN SCRAMBLES AWAY, STARTS TO CLIMB DOWN.)

ULRIK:

I'm sorry, Doctor. I didn't know about... (BROKEN) I told the Dalek Prime I was meeting you up here.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Of course you did. Stand a little closer to my "blue crate", Ulrik.

PRIME:

Halt! Ulrik, why have you have liberated the Roboman?

ULRIK:

I've learned some respect for my family. You wouldn't understand.

PRIME:

You are the Doctor!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

How do you do?

PRIME:

You are my prisoner. Do not move!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

I should think not. It's a splendid view.

PRIME:

Surrender your temporal device!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

What, my TARDIS? Well, there it is. Help yourself.

(FX: WHIRLWIND SOUND BEGINS)

ULRIK:

(ECHOING) That sound. What's... what's going on?

PRIME:

Explain!!!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Both of you are still infused with the residual energy of your journey down the time-space corridor. And now that you're both well within the temporal field of my TARDIS, that's triggered the transfer one more time.

PRIME:

No!

ULRIK:

(ECHOING) Goodbye, Doctor.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Au revoir, Ulrik. I think we'll meet again. Goodbye, Dalek Prime.

(FX: CRESCENDO AND SPLOOP!)

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Oh. (BEAT) Not enough residual energy for both of you, it seems.

PRIME:

But I have quite enough energy to exterminate you, Doctor!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Not quite what I had in mind.

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

34.INT. STELLAR CURIOS LABORATORY

(FX: FADE UP. REGULAR BLEEPs AND BIPS AND FIZZES, AS BEFORE, IN EPISODE ONE, A HI-TECH PHYSICS LAB TICKING OVER. THROBBING OF AN EXPERIMENT IN PROGRESS)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Now, Magran. Do you see how the light cone is becoming inverted?

MAGRAN:

Ye-es.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

That is Hyperbolic Orthogonality!

(FX: THROBBING CUTS OFF)

MAGRAN:

But what is the application? In relation to Professor Kalinda's project?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

The relation? The relation is – well...

(FX: CHIME)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Saved by the bell.

MAGRAN:

(FX: CHECKING CONTROL PANEL) That's odd.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

What is?

MAGRAN:

The station's defence shield just dropped. No, not dropped – failed. What's going on?

(FX: DISTANT CLANG)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Nothing good. I take it this activates the external scanner?

(FX: SCANNER ON) ... Ah.

MAGRAN:

Those aren't Jariden vessels.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Oh no. They're *Dalek* ships!

MAGRAN:

What?!? But our wars with the Daleks are long over!

(FX: DISTANT EXPLOSION – THE SAME AS IN SCENE 10)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

That seems to have slipped their minds. And they're not waiting to be invited in!

35. REPRIS: INT. DOCKING BAY

(FROM SCENE 14:)

(FX: EXPLOSION, BLOWING DOCKING BAY DOORS APART. RENDING METAL)

DALEK-1:

(ENTERING) We have boarded the station!

DALEK-2:

(ENTERING) Infiltrate this facility! We must locate the Inner Vault!

DALEK-1:

And exterminate all opposition!

DALEKS:

(GLIDING ONWARD) Infiltrate! Exterminate! Infiltrate! Exterminate! (ETC)

36. INT. LABORATORY

MAGRAN:

We need to make a barricade. Defend the Inner Vault!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

What is it you're keeping in there? Magran?

MAGRAN:

Tarrack, Quindar – help me shift the benches! (SHOVING HEAVY BENCH) You too, Doctor!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Tell me, Magran!

37. REPRIS: INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

(FROM SCENE 16:)

DALEK-3:
Laboratory wing located!

PRIME:
Prepare to eliminate the Jariden. There can be no survivors!

(FX: 5 x SETS OF BOOTED FOOTSTEPS RUNNING UP)

ULRIK:
(TO HALT) Dalek Prime! Wait!

PRIME:
Colonel Ulrik. You will order your soldiers to disarm. You will give us access to the Laboratory. You will open up the Inner Vault!

38. INT. LABORATORY

FIFTH DOCTOR:
You have to tell me what's inside the Inner Vault, Magran!
What is it the Daleks want?

MAGRAN:
I can't... No one must know!

FIFTH DOCTOR:
Look, Magran, I know the Daleks of old and you never know you luck, I might just be able to stop them from killing us... but only if I have the full facts at my finger tips. So it's very simple... If you want to live, *tell me what's in there!*

MAGRAN:
Very well... If they've come here... They must want...

FIFTH DOCTOR:
Yes? What?

MAGRAN:
... the Device.

FIFTH DOCTOR:
The... 'Device'?

39. REPRISÉ: INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

(FROM SCENE 16:)

ULRIK:

[...] we had a deal – Jaridens were not to be killed. You take the Device and you leave.

PRIME:

Our agreement has no validity.

ULRIK:

But I'm giving you what you want!

PRIME:

Jariden biomechanoids are an inferior species.

ULRIK:

(FURIOUS) We had an agreement!

DALEK-3:

Exterminate!!!

(FX: DALEK BLASTS. 4 x SOLDIERS DIE SCREAMING)

40.INT. LABORATORY

FIFTH DOCTOR:

What is it, Magran? This "Device" of yours?

MAGRAN:

It is – the work of generations, Doctor. The destiny of the Jariden –

(CONTINUE INTO REPRISE FROM SCENE 18:)

(FX: FROM BEHIND DOOR, FIZZ/BUZZ OF MAGIC FINGER)

MAGRAN:

The door. Oh, no –

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

ULRIK:

(RUSHING IN) Nobody move! My name is Ulrik – Colonel Ulrik. And you will all do exactly as I say!

DALEK-3:

(FX: FROM CORRIDOR, OFF) Seek! Locate! Exterminate!

MAGRAN:

The Daleks! They're here!

ULRIK:

Then seal the doors – Magran, is it?

MAGRAN:

Yes. Yes, I shall. –

(FX: FIZZ/BUZZ. DOOR SLAMS DOWN, CUTTING OFF DALEK)

ULRIK:

Won't hold them long. Weapons. We need weapons.

MAGRAN:

But – we have no weapons. We are just four research assistants.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(CLEARS THROAT, OFF – 'DON'T FORGET ME')

MAGRAN:

... Oh, and the Doctor.

ULRIK:

The Doctor...?

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

ULRIK:

... Isn't he with Kalinda?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Evidently not.

MAGRAN:

What's happening out there? Colonel?

ULRIK:

I – I made... an error of judgement. I thought I could make a deal with the Daleks.

MAGRAN:

A deal-?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Yes, well – you're not the first, Colonel, and you won't be the last. But deals are as alien to the Daleks as – well, as you are. (CROSSING FLOOR) Sealed or not, those doors won't hold them for long. Magran, you and your team – into my TARDIS!

ULRIK:

What? This little blue box?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(FX: UNLOCKS TARDIS DOOR) It's deceptively spacious. And it's our route out of here. (FX: TARDIS DOOR OPENS.) Go on, Magran!

MAGRAN:

But – the Inner Vault!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Leave that to me. And Colonel Ulrik, I take it you're willing to help me stop the Daleks getting what they want?

ULRIK:

I... Yes, if we can. They've betrayed me.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Good man. Close the TARDIS door behind you, Magran!

(FX: TARDIS DOOR CLOSES)

ULRIK:

What is it you want me to do?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING WITH BULKY OBJECT) Help me shift this light cone generator. I might yet be able to use it to create a highly localised instability in space-time.

ULRIK:

(TAKING OTHER SIDE, WITH EFFORT) To what purpose?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

To make a more effective barricade than any bench! (FX: SHOVED APPARATUS RATTLES.) Careful!

(FX: RISING THROB FROM APPARATUS. SIMULTANEOUSLY, MINOR REVERSE ECHO AS WHIRLWIND STARTS TO WHIPS UP AND CONTINUE, A FEW FEET AWAY)

ULRIK:

What's that sound-?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

I don't know. When you shoved the apparatus aside, there was a chronon surge –

ULRIK:

Not that sound – that sound!!!

(FX: WHIRLWIND REALLY WHIPPING UP NOW)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

It's – well, it's a highly localised instability in space-time.

ULRIK:

Isn't that what you wanted?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

You don't understand, I haven't made it yet! (BEAT) Something's coming through. Get back-!!!

(FX: WHIRLWIND ASIDE REACHES A CRESCENDO, DISGORGING FUTURE-ULRIK – AS PER PRIME ETC MATERIALISATION IN PART TWO)

FUTURE-ULRIK:

(THROWN TO FLOOR) (CROAKIER, "OLDER") Urgh.

ULRIK:

But that's – that's *me!!!*

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Er... So it is. *Interesting.*

41.INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR

(FX: FADE UP. SPARKS ON DOOR. DALEK CUTTING TOOL CUTS OFF)

PRIME:

Report!!!

DALEK:

Laboratory bulkheads are of bonded polycarbide manufacture.
Estimate time to breach bulkhead: six hundred rels.

PRIME:

That is too long! Bring me the Special Weapons Dalek!

42.INT. LABORATORY

FUTURE-ULRIK:

Ha! Back where it all began! (GETTING UP) Yes, everything's exactly as I remember!

ULRIK:

But - how is this possible?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

I'm not sure.

FUTURE-ULRIK:

You, Doctor - stand aside. (TO ULRIK) And you, Ulrik ... remember this!

(FX: FUTURE-ULRIK PUNCHES ULRIK UNCONSCIOUS, WHO COLLAPSES INTO APPARATUS.)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

He's out cold. Why did you do that?

FUTURE-ULRIK:

Leave him, Doctor. (CROSSING FLOOR) Now - for the Device!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

What are you doing here? You look older... you must be... You're the Colonel's future persona, is that right?

FUTURE-ULRIK:

Future persona? Oh, you can talk, Doctor! I've encountered at least three versions of you so far.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Three... ? Why are you here, Ulrik? What's it got to do with what's in that Inner Vault?

FUTURE-ULRIK:

I'll show you!

(FX: CLICK/FIZZ. INNER VAULT HISSESSSES OPEN!)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

But that's...

FUTURE-ULRIK:

(INTO VAULT) Move forward. I have come to release you.

(FX: CLICK/FIZZ. A NEW HUM OF POWER. THE JARIDEN DEVICE'S VOICE IS "SOFTER" DALEK, BASED ON ROBOMAN'S VOICE.)

DEVICE:

I... concur.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

It's a Dalek! (BEAT) And no ordinary Dalek, either...

FUTURE-ULRIK:

The Jariden created it, based on Dalek technology captured at the Battle of Bajorika.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

What Dalek technology?

FUTURE-ULRIK:

The shell of a Special Weapons Dalek and... (EMOTIONAL) ... and a hybrid creature. Once a Jariden. Brutalised by the Daleks, then freed from their captivity. The foundation of all Jariden advancement!

DEVICE:

Awaiting... orders.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

You were going to give *this* to the Daleks?!?

FUTURE-ULRIK:

To my shame. I thought it was for the best. I believed if I gave them what they wanted, I might avert another ruinous war. I was wrong.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

You certainly were. Don't you see – if the Daleks reverse-engineer *this*, they could turn the Jariden's own advancements against you! Make your entire species their slaves!

(FX: INTERCOM CRACKLE)

FUTURE-ULRIK:

That's the internal comms. You'd better get that, Doctor.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Me-?

(FX: EIGHTH DOCTOR'S VOICE REPEATED FROM PART ONE. SLIGHT RADIO DISTORT, BUT CLEARLY INTELLIGIBLE.)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) *Laboratory Wing? Are you receiving my transmission?*

FIFTH DOCTOR:

We hear you perfectly. Who's that speaking?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) (TO HIMSELF) Try to remember, now. (LOUDER) I'm... um... (COUGHS) I'm a Time Lord agent working on behalf of the High Council...

KALINDA:

(D) You are-?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) Ssh!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

If I had more time we could debate the ethics of your meddling.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) No time to chat. Tell me your brilliant plan.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Well, right now I'm hoping to use a light-cone generator to create [a highly-localised] –

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) ... a highly localised instability in space-time, yadda yadda.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

How did you know that?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) The thing is, it's incredibly dangerous. With the chronon leakage emanating from the Vault, all you're going to do is whip up a temporal whirlwind. It'll tear this whole station apart!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(CROSS) Well, have you got a better idea?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) You need to contain the instability.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

How?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) Oh, I can't do this. (INTO COMMS) One second – Professor Kalinda wants a word.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

She does-?

KALINDA:

(D) I do?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) *(SOTTO) Say "Time loop".*

KALINDA:

(D) *"Time loop"? What, like the one the other Doctor made earlier?*

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Time loop?!? I'd have to loop the entire Laboratory Wing. How am I going to power that, hmm?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) *(SOTTO, TO KALINDA) Use your TARDIS.*

KALINDA:

(D) *Use your TARDIS?*

FIFTH DOCTOR:

No good, I could only generate the front end. I'd need another TARDIS to complete the loop. –

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) *What's he saying?*

KALINDA:

(D) *He says he'd need another TARDIS.*

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) *(SOTTO) Tell him, "And...?"*

KALINDA:

(D) *"And...?"*

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Hold on – did your friend say he was a Time Lord? That means...

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) *I think the penny's dropped. (SNATCHING BACK COMMS) That's all you're getting!*

FIFTH DOCTOR:

What?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) *(BANGING MIC, FAKING DISTORTION) I'm sorry, old chap, you're breaking up. You'll have to do the rest without me!*

FUTURE-ULRIK:

Well, Doctor?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

You should get into the TARDIS, Colonel. What I'm about to do is – well, it's really rather dangerous.

FUTURE-ULRIK:

No. You need wetware to manipulate the light-cone generator.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Ah yes, computer technology in which the brain is linked to artificial systems.

FUTURE-ULRIK:

(FX: FIZZING FINGERS) Doctor... I am wetware.

KALINDA:

(D) *What's going on down there?*

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(RETURNING TO MIC) I've corralled all of the scientists into the TARDIS. But Colonel Ulrik won't leave.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) *(MUTTERS TO HIMSELF) Come on, Doctor! What's next? Ah, yes! (LOUDER) Abandon Ulrik!*

KALINDA:

(D) *(SHOCKED) What-?*

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(D) *(INTO COMMS) Leave him with that destroyed Special Weapons Dalek and the Dalek Prime! I repeat –*

(FX: CRACKLE AS CONNECTION FAILS)

FUTURE-ULRIK:

What did he say?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Something about a destroyed Special Weapons Dalek, and the Dalek Prime –

(FX: LAB DOORS EXPLODE APART.)

DALEK:

(OUTSIDE) Special Weapons Dalek has breached the Laboratory!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(COUGHING) How did that Time Lord agent know about them?

PRIME:

(ENTERING) Capture the device!

DALEK:

I obey!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

To the TARDIS! (FX: OPENING DOOR) Time to leave, Ulrik!

FUTURE-ULRIK:

(FX: FIZZING FINGERS) No. I must make the wetware connection!

FIFTH DOCTOR:

You don't understand! It'll create a temporal whirlwind.
You'll be thrown into the space-time vortex! (REALISES) Ah.

FUTURE-ULRIK:

Yes, I see you understand now, Doctor. This is my destiny.
I've met you in your future lives... I've seen it. And I run to
it willingly. Goodbye.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Thank you, Ulrik. (FX: EXITS, SLAMMING TARDIS DOOR SHUT
BEHIND)

DEVICE:

Awaiting orders.

DALEK-3:

Jariden device! Surrender to Dalek control!

DEVICE:

Awaiting orders... from Colonel Ulrik.

FUTURE-ULRIK:

Kill the Daleks, Grandfather. Kill them all!

DEVICE:

I obey.

(FX: MODIFIED DALEK BLAST. SPECIAL WEAPONS DALEK EXPLODES!)

DALEK:

Special Weapons Dalek destroyed!

PRIME:

Return fire!

(FX: DALEK BLAST. EXPLOSION!)

DEVICE:

Waaaaggggghhh!

FUTURE-ULRIK:

Nooo!

DALEK:

Jariden device destroyed.

(FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.)

PRIME:

The Doctor has escaped.

DALEK:

Ulrik. Move away from that apparatus.

FUTURE-ULRIK:

I don't think so!

(FX: CLICK/FIZZ! MACHINE NOISE BUILDS.)

PRIME:

Exterminate!

(FX: DALEK BLAST)

FUTURE-ULRIK:

(SCREAMS AND DIES.)

DALEK:

Ulrik has been exterminated.

PRIME:

Then... who is this?

ULRIK:

(GROGGY, COMING ROUND) Dalek Prime? What's going on here? Where's the Doctor? And where's the other me-?

PRIME:

Scans confirm this is also Ulrik!

ULRIK:

But that's — that's my body! I'm dead! I'm dead, and you killed me!!!

(FX: WHIRLWIND WHIPPING UP, AS BEFORE)

DALEK:

Sensors indicate presence of chronon leakage!

ULRIK:

The light-cone generator! It's about to go unstable-!

(FX: CRESCENDO OF NOISE — WHIRLWIND — SCREAMS FROM PRIME, ULRIK, AND DALEK. FINALLY: "SPLOOP!")

43. INT. TARDIS (IN FLIGHT)

(FX: FADE UP CONTROL ROOM)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

(FX: SETTING CONTROLS) Right then, Magran – let's drop you and your team off somewhere in the Jariden Confederation.

MAGRAN:

I don't understand what happened, Doctor. Was that – what did you call it? – Hyberbolic Orthagonality?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Not exactly. When the light cone inverted, anyone in the area of instability would have been sucked into the time loop I created. From here to... well, there.

MAGRAN:

Wherever that other TARDIS was?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Exactly!

MAGRAN:

So who was he? That other Time Lord?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Ah. I rather think it was me. Somehow, the time loop became attached to my timeline.

MAGRAN:

But how is that possible?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

I don't profess to have all the answers, Magran. There are many patterns in the time vortex. They can't all be knowable.

(FX: ALARM BLEEP)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Aha!

MAGRAN:

What is it?

FIFTH DOCTOR:

I'm detecting several resonating TARDIS traces in the Vortex..

44.INT. CENTRAL CORE

(FX: FADE UP)

(REPRISE FROM EPISODE ONE.)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

... Come on, Kalinda. You and I need to get out of here pretty sharpish.

KALINDA:

You said – you said to abandon my brother! To leave him to die!

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

No, I saved him. And now we have to save...

(FX: DOOR EXPLODES OPEN, BEHIND)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

... ourselves. Oh dear.

DALEK-1:

Opposition identified!

DALEK-2:

Do not move! Do not move!

KALINDA:

Doctor, what do we do now?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Can you cross your fingers with that magic digit of yours?

KALINDA:

Why?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Because I've run out of other ideas.

DALEK-1:

Exterminate!

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

(FX: DISTORTED TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION EFFECT ON DALEKS)

DALEK-2:

Alert. Sensors indicate presence of time distortion!

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Get back, Professor!!!

(FX: DALEKS FADING AWAY)

DALEKS:

What is happening-?!?

(FX: SPLOOP! SILENCE)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

You can open your eyes now, Professor. They've gone.

KALINDA:

W-what was that?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

That was the effect of a resonating TARDIS trace.

KALINDA:

A what-?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

I've seen it before.

KALINDA:

You have?

45.INT. FARADAY'S LABORATORY

(FX: FADE UP REPRISE FROM END OF PART TWO:)

FARADAY:

So... these beings will all wash up on some other shore? Is that – responsible?

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Sending future Dalek technology back in time? It might change the outcome of the battle. Then we'd all be in trouble.

FARADAY:

(RISING UP FROM UNDER BENCH) I have worse news.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

What?

FARADAY:

The other "Dalek" was not swept away.

DALEK:

You have destroyed the Dalek Prime! You will be exterminated!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Oh dear.

(FX: DISTORTED TARDIS DEMAT EFFECT, AS BEFORE)

DALEK:

Exterminaa—aaaa—aaaa—... (FX: LIKE A STUCK RECORD, FADING.)

FARADAY:

Doctor! The creature is vanishing!

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

A resonating TARDIS trace, sucking it back into the Vortex. Time is on track after all!

(FX: SPLOOP!)

46. EXT. MANSION ROOF

(FX: REPRISE FROM END OF PART THREE:)

SIXTH DOCTOR:

... Goodbye, Dalek Prime.

(FX: CRESCENDO AND SPLOOP!)

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Oh. (BEAT) Not enough residual energy for both of you, it seems.

PRIME:

But I have quite enough energy to exterminate you, Doctor!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Not quite what I had in mind.

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

(FX: DISTORTED TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION, AS BEFORE)

PRIME:

Sensors indicate – time distortion!!!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

In fact, it's a very timely intervention from a resonating time field. The accretions of your temporal journeys are dragging you back into the Vortex.

PRIME:

I will resist! I must – have – more time!

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Ah, Time! The King of Men. And Daleks too, for that matter. "He's both their parent, and he is their grave, /And gives them what he will, not what they crave." As I believe I was saying... goodbye, Dalek Prime.

PRIME:

Aaaaagghh!

(FX: SPLOOP!)

47.INT. CORRIDOR

KALINDA:

(FX: WALKING) Doctor... could you have saved my brother?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(FX: WALKING) I'm afraid he'll always travel that loop. Meeting me whenever his course through the space-time vortex intersects with my journeys between those two specific points in my own time-stream.

KALINDA:

I'm not sure I understand. What points... in your... own time stream?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

This point here and now, with me. And the earlier one. The blond chap in the cricket gear.

KALINDA:

Er...

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Don't worry if you don't understand. People rarely do, to be honest. I don't know why I feel this compulsion to explain myself all the time. I really must stop that. The important thing is, we're safe from the Daleks. And ultimately, it was your brother who saved us all.

KALINDA:

But... didn't he betray us?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

He thought he was doing the right thing... and in the end, he actually did. In a way... I think he saved himself. [BEAT] Now, this space station of yours won't be free from resonating instabilities until this here TARDIS (FX: PATS TARDIS) has gone.

KALINDA:

Well... Goodbye, then, Doctor. And thanks for everything you did... I think.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(FX: OPENING TARDIS DOOR) Oh, think nothing of it. Literally. Probably best you forget I was ever here. Bye.

(FX: DOOR CLOSES.)

CUT TO...

48.INT. TARDIS

(FX: TARDIS DOOR WHIRRS SHUT.)

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Right... now where was I... ? (SUDDENLY NOTICING OTHER DOCTORS) Oh. Um. What are you all doing here?

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Some sort of residual resonation from the temporal instabilities, I should say.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Yes... Hm. I imagine the phasing will correct itself and we'll all be returned to the correct points in our timelines... (NOTHING HAPPENS) er... any minute now.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Well, I hope you're right. It'll be a bit embarrassing if we're all left here, travelling around together.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Er... yes. I must admit I hadn't anticipated this.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

What *have* you done with the TARDIS interior design, by the way?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

I hope *you're* not about to lecture *me* about taste, Doctor.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

I'm not sure what you mean.

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Um... I take it we won't remember any of this particular encounter when the time phasing corrects itself?

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

Well, *you* all won't, but I will.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Yes, I thought you must be the latest model. You're the only one I don't recognize.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Probably just as well we won't remember, after all—

ALL DOCTORS: [SIMULTANEOUSLY]

We Time Lords have too much to remember as it is.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

(CHUCKLES) I see great minds think alike.

SEVENTH DOCTOR:

Or... fools never differ.

SIXTH DOCTOR:

Oh, very drole.

(FX: TIME PHASING)

FIFTH DOCTOR:

Er... I think this is where we say goodbye.

ALL DOCTORS: [VARIOUSLY]

Good-bye.

(FX: AND WITH A *SPLOOP*, THEY'RE ALL GONE, EXCEPT FOR THE EIGHTH DOCTOR)

PAUSE.

EIGHTH DOCTOR:

(TO HIMSELF) Hmm... well that's not something that happens every day. Thankfully.

(MUSIC: CLOSING THEME)